JAZZ LA JAZZ
W.D.U.LAGEN
FALLTIME
20 ¢

America's Foremost Magazine of Pep, Rep and Purpose

THE JAZZ HOUND AMONG JAZZ KICKERS

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EDITED BY A WORLD WAR VETERAN

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BERLIN, GERMANY,

July, 1922.

Unter Den Linden—that's what I see about me and I am scribbling this on a bench so it will catch the next **schnell Zug.** On either side the thoroughfare stretches to the Chaussee where I see the Brandenburg Tor silhouetted against the skyline.

I have had my tummy full of the sights—the Reichstag building, Potsdamer Platz, Freidrichstrasse and other exhibits, and I don't see where these Continentals have so much to holler about. America is built along speed lines and Europe squats with age.

Everything else is the same. These heavy **damen** have the figures of comfort, while ours in the states are built for entertainment.

I am more interested in the fact that beer with a foam can be purchased for seven Marks (one-half cent) and that the bartender confidentially reported its had 12 per cent alcohol.

I've been here four days now, and after drinking wine in the Berliner Ratskeller in company with a fair fire extinguisher, then took in the Wien-Berlin, and sundry other resorts, I still find I have 500 Marks on an initial investment of ten iron me.

Germany and Berlin is so far north it has very little darkness in Summer. The other night I was introduced to a beauty who had been taught everything by the A. E. F. boys at Coblenz, and she claimed she knew an old buddy of mine. So out we went looking for a dark spot in the park to the rear of the Brandenbur Tor. It was twilight (10:30 p. m.) when we started and just as I found a dark spot daybreak was starting to peep at us.

Send out the life-line, boys.

Give this guy the blue velvet chamber pot for being stuck on himself.

It's these German policemen. They still carry the dress helmet of war times which I assumed the American doughboy had brought home. Not only this, but they're all dolled in snappy pea-colored uniform, and a brand new shiny sword. Under their coat-tails they carry a Kruger, blackjack, whistle and anything else handy for running criminals behind the doors. But one hand is always holding a police-dog; big fellows that appear lean and extremely hungry. One of these canine Kultures passed me, and I thought he was going to bite me.

An hour later I returned to the ship. Here I found my friend the Law at the back door of the galley,

cap in hand and extremely meek, bumming for a handout, while his dog had his muzzle stuck in the garbage bucket, sniffing for choice dung. So I shoved the dog's head deeper into the filth and in my best Deutch told the Law to go to Hell.

* * *

In Bremen I attended a **tanz,** expecting to hear ancient melodies and see archaic dancing, and the dancers tricked in the kind of clothes the Watch and League societies of America are advocating.

Surprised—I'll say that, Lillian! The dancers were jazzing everything but their shoes. They moved their entire anatomy. They wriggled miles but didn't budge a step. And all this to obsolete American dance numbers. At one side of the hall was a beer garden and there were not a few souses. The short skirt is slowly coming into fashion and, with the good strong liquid goods to be found, I'm afraid they'll all think they were the original Rhine mermaids.

Boys, they're conducting a lottery over here now that has the old Spanish ones beat a mile.

I am considerably wealthier today. I woke up to find that the fifty I had in my pocket had increased 40 Marks overnight, making 450 for every American dollar. Not so bad, jazz hounds, when a fellow can start out with an American dollar, drink the best wine, entertain his pick of a doll, and return with enough to tip the Bimbo who comes to tell you the phone number of the dame who dined with the Bavarian prince.

Went to a Boxkampfe, and saw a weltergeweicht encounter. It was a pretty rotten go. That makes me return to liquid refreshments.

As I sit here, noting the enormous number of bicycles, cotton-stockinged women, I see a Deutch dame giving me the once over. 'Sfunny they can spot Americans by the cut of clothes. Now she sits down and starts a conversation. Probably she has a brother who was an American army prisoner, and she wants to know if I still carry that famous package of Bullshoota (that's the way the Germans pronounce it)—so I'll put a period at the end of this and figure on getting reckless and see what she'll do if I spend a whole quarter on her.

When I came ashore and passed the first butcher shop, I saw meat other than the refrigerator kind. It was fresh. To my surprise, however, the shop sold horse-meat, and roundsteaks could be had at 30 marks a pound.

I turned from the place in disgust and the Deutch frau with me laughed.

The next night she invited me to her **hause su essen**—and I repaired there early. As events turned out it was the finest dinner I had in Germany. The meat, especially, was tender and juicy.

Turning to my hostess, I asked her what kind of meat it was.

In her softest German she replied: "Horse meat, mine Herr."

Since then every day has been Friday to me.

* * *

The Teutons have been vegetarians since the war and meat is costly. When Deutch **damen** make sausage all the neighbors are out looking for the dogs.

* * *

While I'm on the subject of meat, my German friend sent me to the butcher shop to see if he had pig's feet and I came back to tell her that I didn't know as the butcher had his shoes on.

* * *

American morals are hypocritical. German people are not afraid of what

they say. They act and do what they please. In Bremerhaven, the Monopol Cafe is the leading resort, and the big steins come accross the bar, foaming with real Pilsener at seven marks (less than half a cent in our money). Men and women here congregate at small, round tables, in the small rounds hours of the night—memories to me of B'way, the Barbary Coast, Hinky Dinks'

* * *

At the port of Bremerhaven I pulled into the "Kabrett Dreimadelhaus." After several rounds of Rhine wine I discovered it pleasing to know that no Prohibition or vice society would come breaking down the doors.

* * *

Sailing of the old days is a past art. Today, with soodjie and paint it appears as if the modern sailor must be the Dutch Cleansers of the sea.

* * *

So this is Berlin, where the nights are fast and the women faster? No wonder the Germans wanted to get to Paris.

Worked my way over to Germany, but I'm afraid I'll have to swim back.

Had a perfumed communication from a flapper and she asked if I was a short man? Perhaps she meant the physical, but I was thinking of the mental. Yes, dear Marjorie, I am short—terribly short with my creditors, and if it wasn't for my good lawyer friends I'm afraid this little publication would not be able to put a little jazza into your home.

I once wrote a wonderful story called "The Soldier Boy" and sent it to magazines, but after it came back a few times I changed the title to "The Soldier Boy's Return."

Strawberry Blonde: How many girls are you dancing?

Cake-Eater: I dance one and drag the rest behind the observatory.

Blue-coat to the Skipper: Where was the Volstead enactment signed?
Skipper: At the bottom.

Speaking of oil since Jim's recent explosion he has not benzine.

Doctor: Did the new bootleg straighten your husband?
Wife: Yes, he died yesterday.

Prohibitionist First: How much was your raid?
Prohibitionist Second: Two quarts. Get the gals and we'll have a good time tonight.

"Speaking of famous falls," the old maid said, "I fell in the fall of '98."

I'm a writer, or rather I try to be one.

I have been paid to write and paid to quit.

I have written reams that brought me tears and poems that brought me beers.

I'm the kind of a guy who can assemble a few lines of discordant verse with harmony and sound and critics will term it **rhyme.**

Or take a serious theme and express it in buncombe and it's called a **poem.**

Or employ words to show real life by depicting character and you will claim it is a **novel.**

But, on a bootleg night when the moonshine is on the still, the evennig so dark a Southern shine looks like a shadow, and into the ears of a fair female I elucidate beautiful warbles and unclassified nothings, et cetra, then, folks, that becomes a **long story.**

WALK, MI LADY, WALK

BERLIN, July, 1922.

I was taxi riding In the Bontanical Gardens on the outskirts of Berlin And had spent 800 marks Which is two bucks in shin-plasters of the U. S. A. And the German dame with me Must have thought I was serious To spend so much on her And said: **"Ich liebe dich."**

Now where did she get that stuff Just because I spent two dollars. Then the motor stalled in the park. But I didn't grab her As I would have if it had only been An American beauty. Instead The chilly wind And the Strange moon above the trees And this foreign maid at my side Made me think of A girl who gave her heart to me Back in the States And then this one and this; This one looked at me as if she loved me And strangely went away And another I saw but once, And loved but never saw again. Shall I count them in my heart Or like a nun counting her beads, And say, "This girl gave her heart to me."

But I grow cold and ashamed When I recall their names—Rose of Chi; May of 'Frisco, and last but not least, Pearl of Louisian'. But how, like leaves They have changed and blown Hither and yon To at last lie forlorn though not forgotten But none of them told me **"Ich liebe dich."** I knew it.

What an old sadness on a night like this Takes possession of me? Why should I think Of cape jessamines In a southern garden Here where the jessamine Is never known?

So I evened the score For those forsaken American girls When I gave the bum's rush to this Deutch dame who didn't even know how to love—And all she thought was **"Ich liebe dich."**

I know she will long remember me For I treated her in that grand and glorious American style—But I should worry—I leave Berlin tomorrow—For I made her walk home.

By N. Uts (The Jazz Office Boy)

(Have You a little Jazza in your home?

Celestine Vichy, hot-house editor and prize fighting debbie,
Will be pursued with wim, wigor and witality from now on.
For the Jazz family has returned, but not reformed.

Celestine Vichy, hot-house editor and prize fighting debbie slipped in from Atlantic City, minus only one nightie, saying nothing but thinking a lot, her cheeks flaming the color of Moulin Rouge. Someone said she spent her time on the shady side of a certain Rod and Reel club.

Rozatski brought home one of his Hungarian noblemen from the elite East Chicago.

Erysipelas is back, too, after sojourning in distant Hoboken. Rumors state he has been behind the bars and the bars weren't the kind across which schooners are wrecked.

But down with the funeral shroud. The king is dead; long live the king! It's true, folks, as we slipped back Cap'n Joey pulled out on that roughneck trip of his to Europe, with the promise to return in time to put the next issue to bed, and Celestine says that is all he will put to bed. Last reports show him in Deutchland, headed for Paris and going strong.

"THE ORIGINAL NECKERS"
(On the Beach)

It was on a moonlight night at the beach after a refreshing dip in the surf that I heard through the thin partition of my dressing room the excitable voices of two girls in the next room. My curiosity being aroused I listened and the conversation ran as follows:

FIRST GIRL—Oh, Gladys, I had the **most** wonderful experience in my life tonight while bathing with Jack. Honestly, I never could have believed that such a thrill would ever come to me in the water.

GLADYS—Oh Ethel do tell me quickly, all about it.

ETHEL—I'm afraid to tell because it must be kept a secret.

GLADYS—Now you know, Ethel, that you can tell me anything. Haven't we been pals together for five years and shared all secrets?

ETHEL—Well, then, you see it started like this: Jack was determined that he should teach me how to swim, so he took me up to a secluded part of the beach where we could be alone (Oh! it was so wonderful out there under that beautiful moon with my dear boy). Jack then led me out into the water up to my neck. Suddenly he put his arm around my waist and with a tender, reassuring kiss, he told me to have no fear. **Then** what do you think he **did?**

GLADYS—Why Ethel! you don't mean to tell me Jack**? ? ? ?**

ETHEL—Jack reached down under the water and pressed my hand.

GLADYS—Pressed **"What?"**

ETHEL—Well then, if you promise not to tell, it was a diamond engagement ring. He said he loved me, then slipped it on my finger —kissed me and we were engaged in the water up to our necks.

From the New York Times, June 4, 1922

"Oh for the days of golden Aphrodite,
Who stood in her niche without any nightie,
When vamps went about without any skirts,
For no palm singing shyster molested the flirts.

CELESTINE VICHY SPORTLETS

By now the world knows of my recent fight at Madison Square Garden against the corsetless queen of Kay C. Weight, 123 pounds, 3 o'clock.

It was one tough go, and although I didn't cold-cock her coo-coo, I dislocated her best dimple, knocked out her wisdom grinder, and straightened her mouth to a lip stick.

At that, however, I hit her with everything from the bucket to my second's best powder puffff, but she managed to hold on to the ropes.

We're billed for a return go and I hope to put the sweet sister with the celestial celebrities.

Cannonball Catherine left the big lights for the sticks. She says she is going in for the remainder of the season with the ruralists, and can pull a rube's leg for cartwheels. My advice to Catherine is to watch her step or she'll be pushing something besides leather gloves.

One Round Nellie will do her stuff at Snake's Tea Room on Labor Day, weight, 125 pounds, tea-time, stripped to the buff, women only in attendance, to a feminine decision.

By F. LAPPER

Why is it, in the night, the memories, the lost love dreams, come back in silent tears.

It's a terrible thing to plan every sentence you intend saying to a man.

I'd like to be a feminine Don Juan and every moonlight night tell another lie and break another heart.

(What has gone before:) Cap'n Joey and his buddy, following the World War, enlist in the revolution that is raging Guatemalo. The old regime is displaced, men killed and president is imprisoned, and the two participate in some personal adventures before being forced to flee the country.

Events of the next-forty-eight hours are hurried but the net results were these:—Johnson and I left San Jos' on the Pacific coast where I was forced to part company with him and returned to Guatemala City. On the second day I was whisked from the town by the passionate virgin Isabelle.

After eight hours of auto riding we were forced to mount mules and proceeded higher and higher into the country, which grew steeper and our path strewn with boulders and rock debris. At twilight we came to a lone Carib sentry, who eyed me sullenly, but to my surprise Isabelle embraced him passionately. This, I found, she did with each member of the band hiding here in the mountains, but for all her Latin kisses she did not give herself away.

In another hour I was among friends, dark skinned Caribs it was true, but in good hands never-the-less. My astonishment was great however, when I found that this handful had an assortment of modern machine guns, Lewis, Vickers and Brownings.

But I was soon to be chagrined for the men showed a lack of the manipulation of thes arms. Antiquated Springfields and Maussers were in the hands of men who knew little of shooting straight being more at home in the mazes of jungle with a machette.

For a week I lived in an abode hut, and daily schooled the soldiers in machine gun practice. The short length of time and the number of men made the task seem well nigh hopeless. I was fighting for time.

On the evening of the eighth day our scouts came in to report a large number of troops approaching from the side of the pass.

Never shall I forget that night!

It was Dante's Inferno. Wounded men dying . . . Isabelle first aid; machine guns jamming; natives panic stricken; desertion of men.

The moon had risen from the **arroya,** and the fire hushed. Our ammunition was gone—all save enough for one machine gun. A rush and our outposts driven in; wiry figures swarming about. My Colt was empty; took

a machette from a Carib. Hand to hand; enemy everywhere; Isabelle fighting and cursing like a man at my side. My arm grew weary, feinting, thrusting; a crash on my skull like two tons of brick—and I passed out.

Lights . . . . Isabelle; children; adobe hut. When I was well from my wound in the head she related to me the story, very simply, how I had fallen and she had packed me off with the assistance of a Carib soldier to her hut here in the mountains, and while I was still feeble she told me the children were hers, and that her husband had died fighting in Guatemala City, and that the revolution had gone against us and we were outcasts. Two weeks later with a canteen of water, and carrying dried venison I set off for Guatemala City, entering it at night, and paid my way with my last **peso** to the sea-coast.

Only one ship was in the harbor—a United Fruit boat—but the captain wouldn't let me work my passage home, and I saw the consul there, with whom I left my few belongings.

In the night I stowed away in the coal bunkers—days returning to the States.

A month later I received a letter from the American Consular Service, Puerto Barrics, Guatemala: "You seem to have made quite an impression with the assistant manager of the United Fruit Company; your Central America adventure will be interesting to your grandchildren. (Signed) W. C. Hutchinson, vice consul."

So that finishes the tale with the comment that I haven't even started on that long lane which brings grandchildren.

Six months ago in another revolution the powers which were defeated when I was in the Tropics came back into its own—but I had had enough.

BALTIMORE

(A poem by a Knight of the Road)

Take me to the Chesapeake shore,
Back to that one town—Baltimore.

For I'm guzzling Gunga Din
With my pockets full of tin;
You will catch me full of cheer,
You will find me full of beer.

I am coming back in time;
I am going home in fine.

All the girls will see me strut
For with women I'm a glut;
I am riding on a "gon";
It's the Pennsy that I'm on.

I have worked for all the dough
That in Baltimore I will blow.

With my money I will sing
With that "poke" I'll have my fling;
When I'm broke again once more
I will leave my Baltimore.

I have travelled East and West
Of them all that town is best.

I will put up on a freight
To another distant state.

There I always make my jack
But to spend it I'll come back.

Half pickeled was his favorite delight;
Chicken his well known fruit;
And little ones of the flapper species
Was always his keen long suit.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
A drink, a drink, my bankroll for a drink.

BREEZES FROM THE BEACH

By L. Roy Vaniman

THE CAT'S CROCHET

I once did wish to have the dish,
Such as the Sultan had.
With lots o' wives of different size,
I thought his life not bad.
That was before the Flappers wore,
The things they wear today.
I'll say they're cute, the one-piece suit.
Oh, they're the Cat's Crochet.
I watch the sight, with keen delight.
Now, isn't nature grand?
The facts are bare, they do not care,
As they lay upon the sand.
The Sultan's old; his Kingdom cold,
His women do not play.
So we'll agree, the dimpled knee,
Is just the Cat's Crochet.

RETURN FROM "THREE MILE LIMIT"

On the shore I stand awatching.
Awaiting, his return to me.
Soon on the horizon, I shall see him.
See him, "Fair Away" the shore.
And with good stuff he'll be laden.
Laden, drunk, forever more.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MARY

We forever quote the weary note,
About Mary and her pet.
We shouldn't slam the little lamb,
When Mary's the one to get.
There blew a breeze, that showed her knees;
The truth it made me laugh.
She couldn't shame her lamb with blame.
The dirt was on her calf!

THE GREAT LOVER

The sea was rolling smoothly
As they lay upon the sand
And the air was wafting music
From some evening concert band.

He snuggled her up closely
And could feel her hot young breath,
With her hand upon his busom
What was danger? what was death?

He whispered—oh, so gently,
A something in her ear,
Which she with eyelids closing
Pretended not to hear.

He waited all a tremble
For one thing she might say
And kept on breathing love thots
That he might win the day.

Then when she failed to answer
He took silence as consent,
And then he lost his nanny,
She was sleeping

MARGIE WHITTINGTON
Ziegfield Follies 1922
Photo by Schwartz

Knees may be knock knees but they are not shock knees.

Beauty again will be measured in the face.

Occulists already report improvement in eyesight.

Long skirts are like the Eve's original beat to cause curiosity and camouflage.

Many a bull was made by country calves.

Milk fed chickens were catalogued in the best hotels by legs; now the bell-hops must look feminine guests in the face.

Now that skirts are coming down hose at half flag is soaring upwards.

Rolled hose garters will be returned to father for arm bands.

Skirts are coming down.

The well turned calf is to be secreted again.

Dam those long skirts anyhow! Just when a fellow was getting an eyeful.

From now on the men will have to return to burlesque shows for their by-shows.

Everywoman realizes she gave away a million dollar's worth of entertainment, before she realized it was worth something.

Rolled hose at half-mast may still be rolled, but, perhaps, better keep hands off.

REFORMERS PEE-RADE

The Signs They Carried

"There'll be no kissing on the corners,"
Was carried by a woman like a mule;
"If we catch you smoking you are goners,"
A man brought up who'd never went to school
"We'll have no jazzing, chewing, drinking, loving,"
"Hang the finale hoppers by the neck";
"There'll be no children in the families,"
"Free love has simply got to stop, By Heck"

CLUB SANDWICH

He was a militant clubman.

He beat her at night and clubbed her before breakfast.

A MODERN COMMANDMENT

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Jazza. Buy a copy yourself.

SMOKING OF OLD OMAR

When I light up my smoking **And the world does hazy grow** There whisks my Bagdad carpet **To the Araby winds that blow.**

Where the lofty palms are waving **O'er the wastes of trackless sand** And the flapping tents of Ben Ami **And all his harem band.**

The tropic clime is foment **With incense of the air** And the whirling maidens dancing **And they fling their raven hair.**

In the desert night are shining **Eyes that gleam as pearls** Teeth of Almonds whitest **As 'round in dancing whirls.**

Like the dunes the winds are writing **These nymphs from off the strand,** Dance on and on 'till morning **Pirouetting foot and hand.**

And then in dervish frenzy **To the magic of the lute** They dance in neither glory **As enfolds me as if mute.**

Above on high the cresent **Of the moon beyond the palms** Peers down from out its chamber—**Praise Mecca for these alms.**

I fill my sparkling goblet **And quench my thirst and thee** And see the fields Elysian **In the wines of Araby.**

Too soon the night is waning **Peeps the azure in the East** And one by one the dancers **Are drooping at the feast.**

Yet in my arms my maiden **Is trembling o'er with joy** While waving fronds their soughing **My pleasure does not annoy.**

At length the breeze sweeps soothing **A lullaby to my ears** I clasp my charmer tighter **Allaying her many fears.**

But in the hours of morning **That come wining from afar** My shrew breaks up my dreaming—**I've been smoking of Old Omar.**

BUNKO BUNK

The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!
A fireman to the chief cried.
The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!
The convict to the keeper chide,
The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!
The swindler to the sucker "kid,"
The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!
As spinster in the bed-spread hid.
The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!
The rake said to the newly-wed,
The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!
As wifie lay on the new twin bed.
The bunk, the bunk, the bunk!

Snapshots of the "Tired Business Man" at the Convention City by the Sea.

ANCE

PHONEY FABLES

Dear Friend:

I know take my pen in hand and write to you mit a lead pencil.

We do not lif where we used to lif, we lif where we have moved to.

I hate to say it but your darn old aunt vot you lofed so well is dead. She died of New Monia on New Years Day in New Orleans at fifteen minutes in front of fife. Some people think she had population of the heart. The doctor gave up all hopes of saving her life ven she died. Her breath all leaked out. She leaves a family of 2 sons and 2 cows. They found $1.00 up her sleeve, an awful lot to leave behind. She leaves it all to the boys, in case they die, de fortune goes to the cows.

Old Mrs. Offerblock iss very sick, she is shuft in front of death's door and the doctors think they can pull her through. She hass such a nice boy, he is just like a human beast. I took him down to the hospital to see the sick people and we had a luffly time.

All de Grassenback family have the mumps and they are having a swell time. I am sending your overcoat by express, in order to cut down charges I cut off de buttons and you will find them in the inside pocket.

Louis Kratz iss sick. The doctor told him to take something so he vent down and took Ikey Cohen's watch. Ikey got him arrested and he got a lawyer. De lawyer got de case but Ikey got de watch. De flat was cold last week. Fadder called the janitor a lobster and de janitor made it hot for him. It was as cold as a volcano. Ve haf about 20 chickens and a pug dog. De chickens iss laying 6 eggs a day and the dog is laying behind the stove.

Ve are having more weather up here this year than ever. I shust heard they performed an operation by Mrs. Offerblock between the dining room and the conservatory, but she died between 8 o'clock.

There iss a lot of people dying around here vot never died before. How I wish we were close apart. I am so lonesome since we were separated to-gedder. Your brudder iss getting along fine mit de measles and he hopes this will find you the same. Hoping you will write sooner as I did,

I remain,

IONA LOTT.

P. S. If you don't get this letter write and let me know and I will write you anoder one. P. S. two times. Haff just received the $5.00 I owe you but I have the letter closed and I can't put it in

LOVE IN THE VILLAGE

The maid you took was my woman,
  But that does not make me blue;
For you have stolen a second-hand maid
  And I have known her through and through.

I've forgotten her name but not her face,
  And yet the talk you bring
Is the kind of chatter
  That once on me did spring.

What if she traveled afar,
  O'er distant lands and sea;
Now that my plaything is broken
  I have passed it over to thee.

So you'll find me loath to weeping
  And all this that I have done,
For I'm singing another song
  These days to another one.

THE KICKER

Roger De Coverly

I don't want to be serious nor dignified, for too many public officials, stupified by holding office, assume the serious and dignified pose.

It is too warm to be serious, but why don't the government take over the railroads and the mines (perhaps by the time you read this, they will have), pay the men a living wage, with decent hours, and stop the strikes, that may shut up every industry in the country and bring chaos.

Civil war in Ireland! Those of us who spoke and wrote and helped towards a free Ireland, are heartbroken.

France is drunk on militarism, based on colored troops, and she may yet make all Europe a dead civilization.

Too many of us read only the baseball score or the latest scandal, so that we have no opinion on any subject worth while.

Bootlegers, in the years to come, will be the aristocracy of the country, because they are the only ones making big money these days.

America is sex mad. If you don't believe it read the newspapers and the magazines. We can stand anything except an honest discussion of the subject.

TOWN BUNKO

Champagne is the name of a dry town in Illinois.
Hamburg no longer makes German sandwiches.
Painted Post (N. Y.) hasn't a post in the burg.
Baton Rouge is not a powder factory.
Horsehead (N. Y.) has all motor vehicles.

BITS OF DIXIE BLUES

Ah got a woman
  Down in Tennesse,
She likes her husban'
  But she also likes me.

Brown to brown
  And dust to dust—
Whose husban' man
  Should ah bust?

Got a red-haired gal
  Back in Red Stick town—
She's a sorcery woman
  'Cause she sho got me down.

Rocks in the mountains,
  Shells in the sea,
If you don't like mah peaches
  Y' needen't shake mah tree.

Goin' to the railroad,
  Lay mah head on de track,
When that choo-choo comes by—
  I'll just snatch it back.

Ah likes mah licker—
  It makes mah wimmen strong;
Ah likes mah licker—
  It makes mah wimmen go 'long.

When he was young, Percy was surrounded by ladies of mature age.

"Thank heaven," his mother used to state, "Percy is perfectly safe."

In the autumn of his life, although time has changed, his mother, had she been living, would have said, seeing him surrounded by flappers and knee-skirted damosels:

"Thank God, the girls are perfectly safe with Percy."

Some of these reformers must be brothers of the Hairy Ape.

Dan Dunaway radios that Jazz makes him laugh so hard his false teeth rattle like a second-hand Ford.

BROADWAY JAZZERS

Lots of singers on B'way have fortunes in their throats but can't cough them up.

Broadway weans many young men from the farm but female leeches return them.

Some dames in the bright lights are exceedingly quiet; but still water runs deep.

Small chickens are precious things that come to B'way with two home grown calves.

"The Hairy Ape" is a smart aleck but he doesn't know how to use a razor.

A stage-Johnny is attempting to purchase the island of Yap for a pocket-pool tournament.

Entering vacant buildings at night are the chief mistakes of visitors when they pick up a strange B'way damosel.

Exploding dynamite will kill a man but some of the White Light powder puffs might ruin him.

Farm boys do not tag the fertilizer machine, but what is more dangerous is a low-cut gown hanging from a rake.

A wart on a flapper's epidermis is not her only adornment.

Many necks are stiff with pearls; the smaller the stiff the stiffer the neck.

The bigger the roll of knee-high hose the longer the look.

A few of the flappers along B'way have rolled their hose so much the tongues of their oxfords are attempting to lick them.

MODERN THOUGHT

When a strange woman smiles get her phone number.

ABANDONED WOMEN
(By a Sower of Wild Oats)

A wall of lost souls
Comes to halt my midnight dreams—
Wraiths of women
Abandoned
In the flower of their years;
They are waiting for me in the hinterland
Of the Hell to which I first
Sent them.

There are flappers who know nothing but understand everything.

LADY RADIO BUG

9 A. M.—**Prelude by Harry Lauder,** "When You Wake Up in the Morning."

10 A. M.—**Selections in bathing,** "September Morn, I Love You."

11 A. M.—**Listening In,** "My Hubby's Gone to the Country, Hurrah, Hurrah."

12 M.—**Static Bad.**

2 P. M.—**Newark Station,** "Will You Come to My Devil's Garden?"

4 P. M.—**Out in the Country with HIM, by pocket radio,** "A Loaf of Bread, a Jug of Wine, and Thou, Enough."

6 P. M.—**Playing Demi-Virgin,** "When the Cat's Away the Mice Will Play."

9 P. M.—"Live Today and Forget the Morrow."

12 Midnight—**Rendition by Ted Lewis's Jazz band,** "After the Ball Is Over."

3:45 A. M.—**Bedtime stories.**

4 A. M.—**Taps on the dumb-waiter by the Milkman.**

MOST NAUGHTY

From the New York Times, June 4, 1922: .."She was a Dennison; I've heard her say to her daughters: 'I'd rather have you lose your virtue than lose your figger.'"

PRE-PROHIBITION SLOGAN

Break the bottle where you will; let the pieces fall where they may.

Is deserted!

Nothing here but forlorn husbands, homeless females, struggling artists, busted platonic lovers, decadent poet, too busy or too poor to hit the high spots.

Stay-at-homes include one female tabby with nine black and tan kittens, whose better half must be a traveling man.

There is nothing to do during the dog days but drink Dago red, visit the other fellow's wife, and take in the honky-tonks in Bohemian cellar entertainments.

PICKLED PIRATES

Yep! Folks and subscribers, they're still talking about it down the Village Main Street—about the turbaned pirates, the demi-nude ones, and the hula-hula cut-throats of the Pirate's Ball. All the freebooters who ever went down to sea were on hand, and some who never sniffed the ocean except from a can of kippered herrings.

Water was prohibited. Every male had a bottle and what his baby drank wasn't milk.

As for standing room—if you didn't dance on the other fellow's toes he got angry and stepped on yours.

The feminine pirates carried their mad money in their hose and their short frocks displayed the roll. It appeared like a shifter's imitation of post office to see the hands attempting to locate the rolls. One guy forgot to look for the roll.

Piratesses were there in bathing suits of the form-fitting type, slip on once and get it off by stooping exercises.

On the dark hurricane deck couples were going through all kinds of oscular calisthenics, including the Swedish.

One artist was shot with a real live bullet; sixty-nine Pirates were half-shot with home-brew.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BREWERY

Adolphus Weisenheimer was a crafty, bay-windowed wart, enlisted in the bringing together of hops, malt, yeast into beer.

Then came Prohibition.

Adolphus, being near-sighted, changed to near beer, but later he hung up a sign:

TEN NIGHTS IN A BREWERY
Admission 1 Berry

Nightly, into that great vault where the oaken barrels of Pilsener lay entombed, he held his audience.

Beer flowed as free as water under London's bridges.

Between rounds of Pilsener, Bock and half and half, Adolphus' pet radio returned tidings of "The Face on the Old Barn Floor," "Ten Nights Loving in a Harem."

In the final hour of the tenth night the leading corn-fed ponies from the best calf stalls of the Bright Lights, picked their way into this musty cavern.

It wasn't long before the beer started fermenting, and the jazzngs of a radio concert, the hops affected the chorines. They became innoculated with delight and beer; they forgot their present and future and danced as if they desired a past. As they guzzled and jazzed with these round fat men, the hours and the beer passed speedily.

All went well with the entertainments. Until

One night when one of the rotund, jovial gentlemen slyly put some stick in the beer, made from prunes, raisins, et liberal.

And in that final hours of the last night when the wassail smote them from afar, and the musty vintage of the Rhineland struck these many, the casualties were:

39 Men late to work next morning.
4 Men with tremors of delirium.

10 Gowns ripped.
22 Pairs of beer stained hose.
30 Chorus girls fired.
40 Men sued for divorce.

A. Weisenheimer shut up his hop factory next day and retired to private life to discover the recipe of his last batch of hooch.

BOOTLEG WISE GUY

There's wonderful bootleg
Coming from the wood
That the stupid call folly
And the wise man claims is good.

For the wise guy says its liquor
The foolish claim he lies—
But in the world's opinion
If it's folly then he dies.

Legs returning to normalcy.

Fat and skinny women now are in their second childhood.

An ankle has become an ankle once more and calves have become bull.

THE PRISONER OF THE TOMBS
(Written By An Inmate)

When the setting sun is shining In the windows of the Tombs,
And the dying orb is filling Streaks of blackness in these glooms.
When the ev'en star is twinkling O'er the labrynth of the isle
And the household fires are burning 'Mid the poor or wealth and style.
In the twilight when the fancy Makes the casting of your eye;
To gaze upwards at that structure, Where the prison meets the sky.
You will see me in the highest Of the windows that are barred;
With a wistful eye that's yearning Toward the heavens that are starred.
And I'm gazing like a falcon At the many homes and sea, At the setting sun that's falling Where my soul is loath to be.
And though strangely I am soaring Far beyond these vaulted stones, Where the vista lies untrammelled For the nightly wind that moans.
And my wracked soul is miring, In the filth that is but mine;
For I'll never top the nadir 'Til you ease your brother's slime.
You will never ken the glory That comes only from the soul,
You can never plumb the heavens 'Till you take another's role.
And I'm hopeful for the lifting Of the stigma that is Cain, For Messiah who is coming To eradicate this stain.
When at twilight you gaze upwards, Of the highest cell that looms, To the sunset I'll be looking—The prisoner of the Tombs.

BECAUSE I AM A MAN

She spends my dough.
Dines on frog's legs at the Ritz.
Steps on my toes.
Makes me take her to dances and jazzes with the other guy.
Wears short frocks that tease me.
Breaks dates.
Dares me to leave and spills tears over my new shirt.
Wants me to discontinue any other girl.
Says petting is conventional and illustrates examples.
Because I am a man.

Cried the piano to the victrola, "Let's jazz!" The victrola said: "I can't—I have a waltz piece on!"

If a vamp fell, would a finale hopper?

BELLY UP!

The contour of a certain Prohibition golf shark is such that after the caddie has teed the ball, it is lost to sight until he hits it. High balls made the contour and golf balls will prove its undoing.

Celestine Vichy wants to know if there is anyone willing to do a finale hop down the aisle with her and then on to a Demi-Jazz honeymoon.

The mountains are so arranged in a certain section of Kentucky that the natives before going to bed holler "Get up," and the echo awakens them in the morning. But one night there wsa an earthquake that shook the mountain, and a couple of fellows slept eight years.

The ant told the tumble bug, "Don't roll nothing over me, big boy."

Erysipelas' flapper writes: "It's delicious to slip into sin but pretending you're an angel is hard."

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Oysters on the half-shell. And then the rakes went out for wine women and song.

Cap'n Joey walked into the German market and asked for a chicken.

"Do you want a pullet?"

"Hell, no!" came from the Skipper, "I wanta carry it."

He talks so much in the soup plate one can tell what opera he heard the previous night.

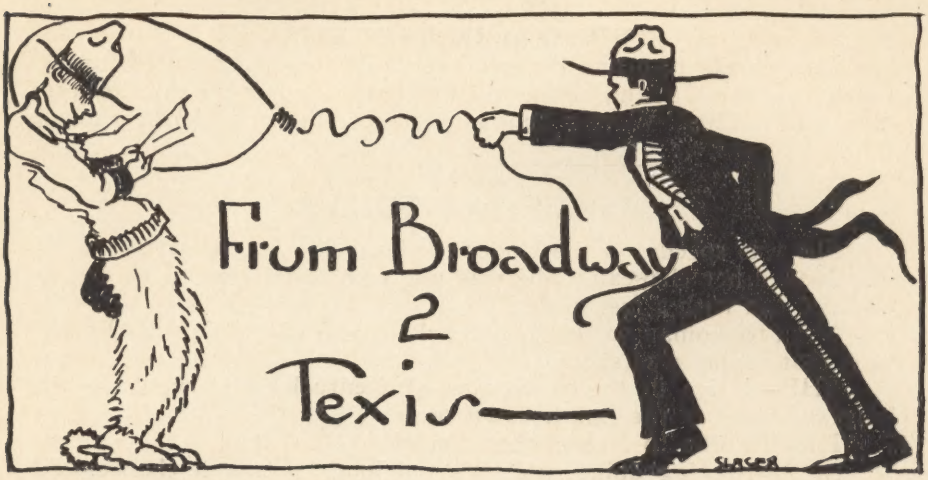
WHAT DO MEN WANT?

If Jazza should tell the truth even patriarch deacons would stand with Bocaccico.

Cap'n Joey writes that he's staying in Europe until the Volstead Act becomes a vaudeville sketch.

From Berlin:

The Skipper says that just because people have royal blood as the Hohenzollerons, they can't count him out. He enjoys a Bourbon breath.



2 Mi Frend Red in Texis:—

Boy this has bean 1 bizy munth, & Ime ufrade i cant right u a letter so Ile scribble off my diary (I think thats how it is spelled) and you will see for yourself wot a bizy bird I hav 2 be.

So hear goes:

August

took in Follies with Babe—sum broad Babe is, but preserve her from the follies.

kisses in taxi-cob and scrambled love in Central park.

an other day

1 uv the daily duzen—mame—but she sez ime the fastest worker that ever kame out of texis.

polo grounds to sea Babe Ruth. babe hasnt kumpletely recovered the hedache powders jedge Kenysaw landis handed 2 him in the brown drby.

nuther day

roadhouse—fast car, 3 a. em. the old line of crap And i luv u 2, huney, powdered shoulders, swet blood hot lips, the gag that they fall 4 us westerners, to wake up with empty pockets.

1 uv the saturdays

bootleg at 15 iron mn. wel it has the kick, & besides Besides Babe was pickled to the frogs eyebrow. somthing rong with this stuff though 4 1st think i no Babe is trying to pull the september Mourn stuff in central park lake at B. V. D. o'clock. lucky wea werent pinched so me for a date with Babe down 2 the beech ware she ken display her charms in cumfort.

Nuther day

just kum from the leonard-tendler fite in Jersey. this buoy leonard shure nose his stuff.

now red, that the way the days go and ile rite u wen a few mour hav past. ures til Bryan fawls awf the wagon,

Pal.

SOCK 'EM IN THE PUSS

Bustles are returning to fashion. Each bustle contains at least a quart on the hip; the bigger the bustle the bigger the hip. Snakes do not have hips. Women built like snakes pack considerable hooch.

LIZZIE THE TOILER

She was speedy on the Underwood but she lost her stride when she donned her chapeau. She was not who could start with a slow day and end with a fast night.

(Man to woman on tunnel of Lackawanna—breaking his clinch): Gee, that tunnel was short.

SHE—I live in the mountains of Kentucky and we have the longest tunnel in the South down there.

HE—I'd like to love in that tunnel.

SHE—Nothing doing, kid; it's too long to take a chance. At evening you enter and its sunrise when the train comes out the other end. Gossips would claim we spent the night together.

THE SHORTEST STORY

She loved and lost in one evening.

It is folly for a thin girl in bathing to eat a strawberry Eskimo Pie.

Fifth avenue bus rides are not bust rides.

When it was time for Izzy Einstein to ascend the golden staircase he was halted by St. Peter, dry and extremely thirsty.

"Halt! Who's soul is that?" came the celestial one.

"Izzy Einstein's sir, with two quarts," was the reply.

To which St. Peter ordered: "Advance Izzy's soul; but leave liquor."

Decadent Order of Professional Suppressors ought to be hit in the puss by south-paw mules.

Some women care nothing about their antecedents but are searching for good descendants.

A woman's interest in man—his bankroll and family.
A man's interest in woman—her morals and hosiery.

NATIONAL ORDER OF RAZZERS

I herewith enclose coupon or Twenty Cents for a copy of Jazza-Ka-Jazza, which will automatically enroll me into the Order of Razzers, with the understanding that there are no dues or obligations whatsoever

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

I recommend: ..Name.....

Address.....

Recommndations must be approved for membership before Razzers are acceptable to enter the Order.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A number of changes in this magazine are scheduled during the coming issues, change of size, material and name... An appropriate name suggested has been "La Boheme Magazine", among others which are being considered. ..Suggestion from readers requested.

Starting with our next issue this magazine will inagurate.. a "Contributor's" page. ..Jazza-Ka-Jazza will pay $3.00 monthly for the best snappy joke submitted for contributor's page.....$2.00 for the second best. Only original unpublished material will deserve consideration. Not responsible for lost material.

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"I WONDER"

(Fox-trot Chorus Dance Arrangement)

By
MARTIN CONROY
Arr. by DAVE KAPLAN

Editors note: *This number can also be played very effectively as a One Step*

CHORUS

I won-der, I won - der, what there is a-bout you, that makes me be-leive That I

can't live with-out you, It can't be your hair nor your eyes that I see It can't be the Odd

— way you make Love to me — I won-der, I won - der, why you seem to haunt me, I

won-der, I won - der, why noth-ing can daunt me, From think-ing of you From lov - ing you true,

I won-der what makes me love you. you.

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